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Don't Wait.

Go with niggardly words no longer,
For these who toil by your side,
Waiting without commendation,
Till the tired toilers have died.

Meet and greet them frankly,
Encourage them while they are here,
And see the face, sad and thoughtful,
Break into a smile of cheer.

Wait not till hope is banished,
Till hearts from neglect have bled;
Wait not till earth is dreary,
Till gloom gathers overhead.

Wait not till feet, worn and weary,
By the hand of fate are led,
Sad, and mutely despairing,
Down into the rest of the dead.

Then wait no longer—life passes,
Its hours will soon have sped,
Delay not your heart's kind prompting,
Don't wait till your friends are dead."

—L. S. COAN.

Our Sabbath School.

DAYTON, O. JAN. 24, 1885.—About one year ago a few worshipers met here in the capacity of a Bible Class. This Class was led by our worthy Superintendent, Bro. Kiehl, and earnestly and prayerfully the work was done. At the time named I was persuaded to attend one of these meetings and became so interested that every Sabbath thereafter, found me there. Shortly after my first attendance, I, with four others, united with the church. By the strength thus gained and an extra effort, we soon had our room refurnished and fitted up in a respectable and inviting way. Our next work was to look after those who did not attend Sabbath School, and invite them to meet with us, saying to them that the word of God, in its purity, would be taught. The result was soon apparent as the increase in number showed. In the early Spring our Sabbath School was organized. There are Schools all over our city, it is true; but our old church walls have stood the storms for forty years, and have seen the people go in and out before the Lord, and yet they certainly lacked one thing, that was: teaching the Children, the story of the Cross, and their duty toward God and man, showing them how they may grow up to be useful men and women, ornaments to society, and a glory to the Lord. Sadly this work has been neglected here; but not so now. Every Sabbath morning finds from ten to twelve times as many happy faces as there were in the beginning. No wonder that we are somewhat elated over our success. We feel thankful to God that our number has been greatly increased; thankful for the place in which we meet (although humble it is,) and we are very glad indeed for the deep interest that is manifested in the work by officers, teachers pupils. All seem anxious to learn more of that One in whom we can place implicit confidence, knowing that nothing can separate us from His love. The future of the church depends much on the Sabbath Schools of the present, and we have every reason to believe that some of the seed that is now being sown, will fall into prepared hearts and bring forth good fruit. How glorious it would be if each one of us who have named the name of Jesus could win one soul to Him, or if by our united efforts we would cause one to turn to the Lord. Our labor would not be in vain. Then let us press on in the good work and not weary.

Our Sabbath School a short time ago was visited in a way that caused us all sorrow. Death entered here and took one of our earnest workers, a dear sister, who was called from our midst.

"Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

G. W. F.

The Meeting near Terra Alta, W. Va.

BERLIN, PA., Jan. 30, 1885.—I left home December 26th, 1884, for Terra Alta, W. Va. Arrived safe in the evening, and was met at the station of the B. & O. R. R. by Elder J. M. Freeland and conducted to his home, where I spent the night. Next day, in company with Elders Freeland and Glenn, we started on the B. & O. for the nearest point along its line to the Red Oak congregation. Brother Glenn and myself arriving safe (having left brother Freeland along the way to attend to a special appointment,) and were met by brother Miller, at Tunnelton. Commenced a series of meetings and continued until the evening of Jan. 7th. All things considered we had good congregations. During our meeting four precious souls said they were tired of sin. Two were baptized while we were there; the others to be baptized in the near future. Elder Glenn and Matlick were with us much of the time. Elder Freeland also put in his appearance and spent a few evenings with us.

From here we went to the Cheat River congregation and commenced meetings Jan. 8th, and continued until the evening of the 27th inst. As an immediate result ten came out on the Lord's side, and eight of the number were baptized before we left, the remaining two, we suppose, are baptized by this time. Elder Freeland was with us most of the time at this meeting. Elder A. M. Ridenour, of Albright, W. Va., put in his appearance and was with us a few evenings. Elder Glenn was not permitted to attend the meeting regularly on account of affliction in his family and bodily infirmity. This we much regretted, as Bro. Glenn is a live worker. During our meeting here the time for the conservative brethren's appointment arrived, and we went to hear them preach. We were insisted upon to do the preaching, which we tried to do as best we could; a conservative brother opening the meeting and another closing.

Returned home Jan. 18th, and found all well, for which we feel thankful to the giver of all good; also return thanks to all the brethren and sisters for kindness shown to us, and for their gifts.

February 4th we leave home again for other fields of labor.

S. W. WILT.

There is no excuse for the tablets of one's mind remaining blank; like an unwritten page, in this age of exhaustless resources and splendid opportunities.—CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

Must Reap What He Sows.

The beautiful Antietam rises in the cold, rocky heights of the South Mountain, in Southern Pennsylvania. On the banks of this historic stream, many years ago, stood a large, but old-fashioned mansion house. The land around it was the richest in the Cumberland Valley, and the grounds and buildings indicated wealth and comfort. The family was of German origin, but far more progressive and liberal than most of their neighbors. On their tables could be seen books and papers and the facilities for study. The large family of children were industrious and refined, and withal so tenderly attached to each other that they formed the model family of the community. Everything gave the appearance of comfort and happiness, but one little fact—too well known—the father drank and advocated it at home and abroad; and yet he was only a moderate drinker, never known to be drunk, and generally did his drinking at home and before his own children. The boys grew up under this influence, and under his repeated statement that "he despised a man who could not occasionally take a glass and not be a drunkard," and yet they were so manly and withal so careful that they refused to give way to the habits and influence of their own father. But one day a great company gathered at the marriage of the eldest daughter. It was a joyous occasion, and the choicest liquors were placed on the table, and their age and fine flavor loudly praised. The oldest son, one of the most noble boys I ever met, then just entering manhood, yielded to the fascinating occasion, and drank of the tempting cup. Little more was thought of it till in a few short years he, too, stood besides the altar and was united to a lovely woman, and the occasion was so joyous that he drank again. When he was settled in his own home he must have his own side-board like his father, and he soon began to drink steadily, and drank deeply. His devoted wife wept and prayed and pleaded, but only to find that his solemn vows were broken. His father, awakening at last to the fearful reality, came to talk with his beloved boy, but only to learn the awful fact that it was his example and his words that started him to ruin. Soon he was called to sit beside him, foaming in delirium tremens, and during the long dark night, amid screams and prayers and curses, he tried to pacify him. Then he thought it all over; what an example he had set, how often he had declared that he despised a man that could not take an occasional glass and not be a drunkard. As he looked backward on the past, he could realize as never before, that during all those years he had been sowing a fearful crop, and now he must reap it all, though it brought the tears and even the blood. His words and acts had all taken root, and he must reap in sorrow and shame the accursed crop. Then he looked forward to the death of his boy, that came so soon, and to the crop he must reap of eternal shame. "What a man soweth that shall he also reap." Jacob had to reap the crop of deception and lying, even from his own sons. David had to reap his own crop of shame and death in the bosom of his family. Saul of Tarsus had to reap the crop of persecution, chains and imprisonment, even though he became the very chiefest apostle. And think not, oh, young man, that thou canst change the law of our nature, or avoid the penalty that we must reap whatsoever we sow.—L. R. S., in SABBATH RECORDER.

Sanctimony and Sanctification.

Sanctimony and sanctification are terms expressive of conditions not merely different, but opposite. Sanctified people are not sanctimonious. They are common, natural and approachable. Sanctimonious people are unscriptural. Sanctimony is the "form of godliness." Sanctification is the "power thereof." A sanctified spirit is sweet, lovable and loving. A sanctimonious spirit is frigid, formal and distant. Sanctimony is the devil's nearest approach to sanctification. Sanctimony always demands propriety and staidness in worship and work. Sanctification breaks through regulations, leaps through fires and crosses rivers to serve and to save. Sanctification becomes all things to all men, hoping to win some. Sanctimony stays in "the church," expecting the world to come in. Sanctification takes to the byways and hedges, and is most at home in the lowly cottage or "camp-meeting." Sanctimonious people hate sanctification and oppose the sanctified. Sanctimony is affected holiness; sanctification is holiness in fact.—SHINING WAY.

"The success of Christ's mission involved the destruction of the whole world of falsehood and unreality, of which every existing religious, social, and political institution was then full to overflowing. The kingdom of truth, therefore from its very nature, must enter into deadly conflict with the kingdom of error, and as such it must exert a revolutionary influence in every department of man's individual, political, and social life, until it has effected its complete regeneration."—Row.

There are great lives that fashion themselves in prayer. Their communion with God gives them somewhat of the dignity of their associations. All the belittleing things of life are obscured and hidden under the august conceptions that engross the mind when it is holding fellowship with God. Outwardly such a life may be plain and even bare, but inwardly it is filled with the peace and warmth of the gospel, and it is fruitful in spiritual results that shall be counted among the treasures of heaven.

The Pricelessness of Man.

Let men speculate as they will on man's origin and place, let them expound the stages of development by which he has attained his present structure and power, this much, at least, is clear about him, clear on the face of God's word—that he is a being whose rescue from moral evil is held on high to be worth the agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the precious death and burial, the glorious resurrection and ascension of the Son of God. His sacrifice is the eternal witness to the truth that man at his very worst is worthy of being ministered to from heaven, and at a cost which defies expression in terms of our earthly sacrifices.

If you are tempted to think meanly of man; if, face to face with the dark facts of his vice and frailty, all the fine things that poets have sung of him and prophets have forecast, seem to you but a hollow mockery, then remember that there is a judgment above yours; remember that however little you can see to honor or admire, there must be in each one something of infinite value, since God would fain redeem each for himself by an infinite sacrifice. The humblest personality is glorified by this thought of redemption, and you cannot stand before a human being, no matter what his race, his creed, or his character, without being in the presence of one whom God loves, and for whom Christ has died.—CANON DUCKWORTH.

Try the Experiment.

A man speaking in a public meeting and inviting persons to embrace the Gospel, said to them: "You can try it for a while, just as you try anything, and if you don't like it you can give it up."

We read no such teaching as this in the Holy Scriptures. No man ever finds salvation in this sort of experimental way. He must first know his lost condition, and then, renouncing every thing else, give himself for ever in the charge of Jesus Christ.

We are not dealing with one of our fellow-men: we are not making sharp bargains with some shrewd speculator. We are dealing with the Maker of heaven and earth, with the king of Glory, with the Lord of all. We may be amazed that he condescends to notice us, we may be astonished at the mercy which he shows us, but we are making no experiment when we enter the path that has been trodden for ages by the faithful, who like a cloud of witnesses, compass us around, and encourage us to trust Him who has ever been faithful to his word, and who is still the helper of the helpless, the Savior of the lost, and their refuge in every time of trouble and distress.—THE CHRISTIAN.

Character in a preacher is the very force in the bow that launches the arrow. It is the latent heat behind the words that give them direction and the projectile force.—DR. Z. M. HUMPHREY.